Liberty and the Communists.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I remember a man in one of the older numbers of Liberty in which you objected to "La Révolte" calling you or your paper "comrade." Now I see in the article, "To the French, Comrades," that you call Parson, Spike, or others "comrades." This seems to be more correct in the last case. In fact, since the same issue proves that the Chicago men's conception of Anarchism was the same as Kropotkin's. If you disagree of the aims and methods of the Chicago Anarchists, or Communists, if you please, how was it that you surnamed them and wrote the poem, "They never fail who die in a great cause"? Do you think that I am still, in fact, the brilliancy of your epilogue on Chicago's dead Anarchists is dimmed by what you wrote on those men when they were alive?

There is another thing to which I like to call the attention of your readers. In the article, "General Walker and the Anarchists," you say that the Chicago Anarchists would have the working men's societies (Commissary) "support by whatever heroic measures all rebellious individuals who should adopt at any time practically assert their rights to produce and change for themselves." This is not true, and I think you would find it very hard to point to any article written by the Chicago Anarchists which would prove your assertion. But, on the contrary, it your readers will search in the back numbers of Liberty, they will find that Mr. Appolon (X) once put the same question to John Most and that the latter emphatically (with a big "Ja") said that the individual would have the right to produce and exchange according to his taste.

At any rate, the main difference between the Chicago and Boston Anarchists seems to be this: The former based their theories on the collectivity, and never cared to ask how the individual would live on his own. The latter, while he maintained the support of John F. Brotherly, and now a prominent writer for the "Alarm," "La Révolte" never met my argument. But later it offered its hand to Anarchist journals in all parts of the world, announcing Boston and other localities. I answered: I accept it cordially. I am still waiting for "La Révolte" to assure and convince me that it is recommending the people collectively to take and keep possession of all wealth, it is not grossly violating the indivisibility Anarchist principle of freedom of production and exchange. It is now Liberty's turn to be a little select in the matter of its fellowship. It is evident that in the unequalled explication, "I accept it cordially," I declared my comradeship with "La Révolte" in exactly the same sense that I declared it with the Chicago men in the issue of Liberty which Mr. Franklin now criticizes—namely, in the sense of our common striving for human welfare, and that the additional remarks were simply in the nature of a hint to "La Révolte" that it had not answered me, and that comradeship, in Liberty's view, was not a thing to be put on and off at "La Révolte's" convenience.

In printing the lines "They never fail," etc. (I thank Mr. Franklin for the compliment, but it was Lord Byron, not I, who wrote those glorious lines) I did nothing inconsistent with my disapproval of the Chicago men's methods. In the same issue I expressly said: "I disapprove utterly their methods; I dispute emphatically their Anarchism; but as brothers, as dear comrades, animated by the same love, and working in the broad sense, in a common cause than which there never was a grander, I give them both my hands." In my view, any one who dies a martyr in this "common cause," thereby, no matter what his individual opinions, concentrates the spirit of inquiry upon it and hence "augments the deep and sweeping thoughts which combine the world at last to freedom." That is what I declared in quoting Byron's lines. What pray, has this to do with the question of methods?

Against Mr. Franklin's denial of my interpretation of the Chicago men's position, I must simply place my own before—no not the facts of that the "Alarm" has printed article after article which sustain my assertion. And besides, was not Musto's "Beast of Property" one of their chief "text-books"? What did Musto's "big Ja" amount to as much as the "big Ja" with which the State Socialists answer the same question? In this, I, and Mr. Franklin knows that they do not mean what they say. No more does Musto; else why did he tell me, as I long ago reported in Liberty, that after the revolution, if one man should work for wages, the old system would be real again, and that, if any one should insist on doing so, he was to be used to stop him? Does Mr. Franklin call that allowing the individual the right to produce and exchange?

But Mr. Franklin goes on to interpret the position of the Chicago men for himself, and in doing so he completely destroys his own defence of them and sustains my criticism. The Chicago Anarchists, he says, ignored the individual. Now, what is Anarchism but the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual? And if that is Anarchism, how can those who ignore the individual be Anarchists?

Kropotkin's doctrine of expropriation seems to me to involve a denial to the individual of his tools; but, whether it does or not, it certainly involves a denial of his right to exchange, and that is as Archistic as to deny his right to produce. For instance, man makes a spade. This he is allowed to keep, because he has a right to produce. But he makes a second spade. This must be taken from him, because it is a means of exploitation, in other words, because, while he has it, he can exchequer his money or something else for another man's labor. Isn't it evident that it would be no more a denial of liberty to take the first spade than the second? I have proved it over and over again, and my arguments on this point have often won Mr. Franklin's approval. But, alas! I one day was flattered to expose some of the rascallities committed by Most's lieutenants in New York, and a little while afterward, when the Chicago bomb was thrown, I declined to allow sentiment to obliterate all distinctions between opposite ideas, and since then twice have not been four to Mr. Franklin. He has had a long fit of the sulks, in which he is still punished. Not his only moments of joy are when a copy of Liberty reaches him in which he finds some fancied flaw to pick at. Well, the above is just what he can do.
Mr. Warren succeeds in making out a reconciliation. He says, 'Indeed, that the genius, skill, facility of execution, or what not, which makes the labor of one man more productive than another, is a matter of nature, and not of education. As if there were like all the gifts of nature that is to say, not to be exchanged or of equal value. But this is begging the question. Genius and skill are no less indispensable elements of production than muscular force, and no social monopolies, as to furnishing the needful industry, shall be received remuneration and not the farmer. If the agencies of production are to be remunerated at all, why should not the whole of them be remunerated? On what ground can the selection made? Shall the brute force which is devoted to labor be entitled to the product, while the skill which directs and utilizes that force is deprived of its shares? This, it seems to us, far from sustaining individual sovereignty, transposes it under the feet of the producer. The producers say that the products of labor shall be distributed, not according to the amount of labor, but equally, but that the power of the state, if a difference is made, it is not to be according to the law or to the will of the community, but according to the law or to the will of the individual. This is the apportionment of the product of labor to the individual. The producers set aside all the elements of production as the basis of remuneration. Mr. Warren sets aside all the elements of production and not merely individual ownership of the instruments at the antipodes of private property. The Communists are consistent at the expense of individuality; Mr. Warren saves individuality at the expense of his consistency.

ENGLAND.

By GEORGE C. SAUZON.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 114.

"Sir Richard," said he, raising his voice, "answer: I demand it. Lady Ellen, in her defence, calls upon you. Does there exist between you, as she claims, only the affection of relatives? Are you incestuous? Are you, therefore, carrying on your marriage? Before your father's spirit turns one to the other, and you will be believed.

Bradwell, lifting his head, listened, but a vexed face, annoyed at this proof, which he was invited to give. He answered: "I can tell you the case."

After having had the audacity of the crime, she lacked the courage of supporting the consequences, and took refuge in impudence, in impudence, a cowardly and false example, about this Patrician, and, therefore, courageous."

And the best way, on these occasions, being to act promptly, she advanced rapidly to hurry through the ceremony, and already had lifted her arm, when Bradwell, rushing up to her and grasping it, and, without each other, in her face doubly pale, prevented her from carrying this sacrilegious promising farther.

"No, no," said he, "I forbid you!"

This time an almost universal clarror arose, which was equivalent to a verity.

With the exception of a few dissenting voices of no importance, they were re-

Vanity Lady Ellen essayed a last protest, simulating a sudden indignation, far from her soul, at the judgment of this crowd which she insulted in order to regain in the eyes of her father's friends of countenance.

But, after their fluctuations, certainty was now planted immediately in their minds, and Bradwell was able to pronounce sentences of approbation.

First he addressed himself for a last time to the lady who had been consulted, inquiring if they could yet bring proofs in favor of the Duchess of Bradwell; then he said:

"Ireland!"
CHAPTER XII.

Lady Ellen screamed in vain; only the armor was moved by her protests, resounding under the shock of her voice; and in the distance died out, little by little, the murmur of the ebbing tide. There was no hope of salvation but in herself; and she dashed herself against the waves, and stifling herself tried to make them. Massive, of thick wood barbed with iron, they did not yield. 

Ellen went to Bradwell for assistance.

"Break them down, Richard!"

And while waiting for her accomplice, still somnolent at the foot of the castle, to decide her move, she cried furiously at her: "Jailers!

"You are bandits!"

But the door only threw back her voice in her face. She was infuriated, however, and with her elation, the more she dashed against it, the more it refused to yield. She made a dash from her front position by the catafalque, with arms folded, and wrapped in thought.

Since the doors would not yield, she thought of the windows, suspecting that they were not barred by the high towers, as they were supposed to be. To demand a story, that would not be difficult. . . The little light air stored between the shutters and the windows seemed good. The shutters, however, or resisted her push; they were perhaps sealed up; she supposed it. She was not discouraged. She knew, as well as the others, who might, at the end of her resources, tears flowed from her large, spiritless, ever years.

"Reignitation?" said Bradwell, sententious! in a voice which rolled through all the hall, reiterated by the echo of the room.

"Never!" replied the Duchess with energy. "Tutelage at the most. It is im-
possible for this being anything more than a test. The Irish have a worship of the dead. . . . They cannot leave Lord Monson without burial. . . . But answer, then, Richard! Confirm my hopes, my illusion, if it be one!"

She pressed him, hoping only for one or two words, to decide the truth; but he did not answer in a cold silence.

"Perhaps it would be better to give yourself to repentance, turn your prayers to Heaven, and be merciful."

"God," sneered Lady Ellen, "if he existed, would take pity first on the miserable of Ireland!"

And as if seeking in the hermitic walls some unknown, miraculous exit, she inspected the room with an increasing terror, reflecting on the hours to come.

"Ah! to agonize here," she said, "is to die many times over. . . And when the tapers shall have burned to an ash, to retain the memory of this offensive darkness! What an abomination!"

"Who has foreseen the chastisement, my father would be still alive," queried Bradwell. But she did not hear him, all absorbed in the impending horror, and she continued:

"You will kill me rather, will you not?"

Then, dismissing again the overwhelming certainty of their final abandonment, she said:

"This is merely a test only . . . They are watching us. Hush: silence will mislead them. . . . They will open the doors."

Selby, lightly, upon tip-toe, she went to each of the doors by turns, and listened a few seconds.

But not a sound came to her, not an approaching step, no murmur, no stirs of words.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a fury of wrath, "it is madness to count upon any violence whatever. For mercy's sake, Richard, for mercy's sake, kill me!"

But the door continued to open, and she heard voices, and voices, and voices.

She was becoming terribly excited; Bradwell tried to calm her.

"Since I entreat you," she insisted, "you have no right to refuse me; you have not the right to refuse me. . . ."

All my life, I have lived, the birth, growth, and domination of the passion which rendered me inarticulate,—this is all your work, commenced the night when you possessed myself, and all this I shall die to save. . . . Give me back my life, give me back my name, or I shall die. . . ."

"As you said," Richard answered, "this is perhaps only a test. . . . No dis-

"Oh, we see, the eye of the corpse! What is the decomposition of this body? If it is the killing me which offends you, invent a means of dying together. . . . Does none exist?"

Feeling the death-agony under such conditions, of the hunger which would torture them, in the midst of this patriotic atmosphere and all the infection which would be found in the last convulsions, this disgusting prospect revolted me, and I shrank from it; but J will not kill you, because I know that you are a woman, and I spare you. . . .

"For a fire, a — dunkruptcy!" she cried, radiant at the discovery; and she ran to the tapers, seized one eagerly, and applied it to the velvet hangings of the funeral canopy.

But she reined it violently from her and pushed her back.

"We shall burn! In hell!" she said.

What nothing possessed man possessed, Heaven, nay! She knew as much as he about them, having been educated amidst these empty words. Heaven extended itself here on earth over happy lovers; hell they were now enduring. Nothing mattered to them, and what the decomposition is prepared for, they offered a portal to the torments which they endured, and which would follow.

And, succeeding in making Richard lose his hold, she cried:

"I will! I will! I will: I will not! I will not!"
Anarchy in German.

It is with the keenest satisfaction and the heartfelt joy that I announce to readers and comrades, and especially to German-Americans everywhere, that Liberty has secured the active cooperation, to begin early in the new year, of George Schumm and Emma Schumm, and that the first and most important fruit of this cooperation will be the appearance, probably in March, of a fortnightly Anarchistische journal, to be called Liberte, and started entirely in the German language. With the exception of Die Zukunft, which was published for a short time in Philadelphia, this will be, so far as I know, the only thoroughly Anarchistische German journal ever published in the world, and it comes at the right time to help in giving impetus, shape, and substance to the tendency which the more intelligent of the German Socialists are showing in various quarters to abandon their long-cherished authoritarian tenets for a principle more in harmony with the genius of modern progress. The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication,—the English appearing one week and the German the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year.

No persons could be found more admirably adapted to the execution of this undertaking than the Schumms. It will be remembered that in the final issue of the "Radical Review," that excellent journal which they once published in Chicago, they announced their acceptance of the Anarchistische doctrine, toward which they had been steadily drifting for many months. Since then it has been their ardent desire to find some channel in which they could render steady service to their newly-emerged cause. This is afforded by the enterprise now projected. Earnest, honest, brave, energetic, devoted, intelligent, understanding their subject, and capable of presenting it in English and German with equal facility and felicity, they will come to their work with an equipment of mind, character, and study that cannot fail to produce extraordinary results. Furthermore, Mr. Schumm is well known among the Germans, being entitled to their esteem and confidence by his services as the trusted associate of Karl Heinzen, of whose "Pioneer," probably the ablest German periodical ever published in America, he was for a number of months in charge; by his connection with "Der Wecker" of San Francisco; and by his frequent and able contributions to "Der Freide." "Der Arne Teufel," and other German papers of importance. Mr. and Mrs. Schumm are now living in St. Paul, Minnesota, but they will start for Boston in February and on their arrival initiate promptly the work which they propose to take in hand, and now, Gerets, Americans too, will you join hands with us in this work? The new paper will have to struggle to gain a foothold. It will need your best and your utmost endeavor in its behalf. Send in your subscriptions at once. (Address them to Benj. R. Tucker, P. 0. Box 3396, Boston, Mass.) Many of you can afford to take more than one copy. Let each take as many as he pleases, until they have furnished all that he will permit, and distribute them among his friends. Let each reader of Liberty go to all the Germans in his vicinity and inform them of the new enterprise. Let him collect the post-office addresses of as many Germans as possible and send them to Liberty. Let the subject be canvassed everywhere. Only by such work can this project succeed and its important objects be achieved. We shall give you a paper worthy of your support. Will you support it? We await your answer.

Reflections on the Ch. c. c. a. Tragedy.

"Announced all through the trumpet of the sky, arriva the snow" on this first day of December. Rockles, without care for "number or proportion," the myriad-handed Snowstorm, as Emerson describes him, seems intent on making all the world his own, and, before another sun appears to illuminate the Northwest, we will have clothed it in a glittering duster of white-robed innocence. But though the world is innocent, the people living in it are not. They are guilty, really very guilty, entirely given over to the Thalergelleip, entirely given up to the hucksters and merchants, and many of them have even their garments stained with noble blood. Twenty-eight years ago they led John Brown to the gallows for breaking a lance for liberty; and only the other week they again committed such a deed as it makes the heart sore to think of. Shut up in my room, my thought goes out to those heroic souls who, for leaving the trodden paths of men too soon, and with weak hands though mighty hearts daring the unpastured dragon of arbitrary privilege and legalized rapine in his den, have been ruthlessly exterminated in Chicago by a veritable band of men who, had they not stood dumbly by the contemplation of these facts is sufficient to destroy one's confidence in human goodness.

And as I am writing I cannot avoid the sad reflection that, while these men lost nothing by their execution, the world has made itself poorer thereby in the treasure it ought to cherish highest,—the love of liberty and justice. For in those men was incarnated this love.

I have never been affliliated with August Spies and his brave comrades in the strict partisan sense, but, were I a poet, they should not go without the "need of some melodious tear" from me, now that they have sealed the cause for which they lived so unselfishly with a noble death.

Mrs. Hitejohnson, remarking on her husband's feelings at the death of the Regicides, said that "he looked on himself as judged by their judgment and executed in their execution." I am constrained to confess to a similar state of feeling with regard to the judgment of the Chicago revolutionists. But I certainly feel condemned in their execution. The society that could commit this infamous crime cannot have my loyalty. Crime? Aye, crime. Familiar with the proceedings of the trial of these men, and all the essential facts, I can but say that the authors of the murder have broken out into open rebellion, and the necessary ends in view. I do not hesitate to pronounce this execution as one of the most appalling Mammonism crimes recorded in history. And I say calmly, Woe unto the order of things that is therefore.

The most despicable rôle played in this awful tragedy was that of the press. For downright cold-blooded brutality the treatment of August Spies and his noble comrades at the hands of the Anglo-and German-American bourgeois press is unexcelled, if not unsurpassed. It needs the Chicago "Times," the "Daily Illinois Staatszeitung," the "Daily News," not to mention any of the papers published outside of Chicago, to acquire in the literal truth of this observation. To jackals and lycans rather than to men gifted with heart and brain can we owe this lamented condition of these concerns. Men could not so have deceived themselves. The future historian will refer to the journalistic outbreak of the brute instinct in connection with the case of the Chicago revolutionaries for proof and illustration of the deep barbarism that must have held sway among the American people as late as the last quarter of the much-vaunted nineteenth century. The "able editors" seemed to be in actual distress for the want of words and epithets abusive and opprobrious enough to the men who, notwithstanding certain grave mistakes made by these, yet represented to the world the promise and the glory of a higher order of things than the civilized cannibalism into which they found themselves born, and which is their high calling to help remove. The journalists might well feel themselves a disgrace to language itself a grudge for its refusal to embody and convey the full malignity of their venom. Never did they refer to the unfortunate men already in the merciless grasp of capital otherwise than as assassins, banditti, and common criminals; and never did the bile of prognosticating for them "the death of dogs," though, as the event has since demonstrated most eloquently, they had within themselves the mettle proper only to heroes.

But there is really no occasion for surprise over the infamous behavior of the villainous press in respect of our friends, martyrs to the revolution that is making all things new; for Mammon led them on;

From Heaven; for 'e'en in Heaven's looks and thought With Mammon, outwardward and inwardly, adorning more. The riches of Heaven perfumed, trodden gold,

Thaught divine or holy else enjoyed

In the earth.

However, we shall not lose courage. With a heart for any fate we boldly face the future. Though the enemies of liberty have won a victory, though the natural office of the press as an advocate of truth and justice has been perverted by the least-erected of all the little hells-bounds into that of a base slanderer and reviler of truth and justice, and though naught but evil times be in store for us, times of persecution, sore trial, and heart-breakings, we shall continue to bear aloft the standard of Anarchy, looking through the mists of time without dissolving or doubt, forward to the day long ago beheld by the divine Shelley, when man shall be

Scepterless, free, unreincumbrest,
Equality, unchilled, tribeless and nationsless.
Ensues from awe, wonder, degree, the king

Over himself, just, gentle, wise; but Man.

GEORGE SCHUMM.

A Reason for Hanging Anarchists.

The New York "World" tells its readers that Anarchy means "without a leader." The "World" has been looking in the dictionaries, I infer. It finds "leader" as well as "tyrant." But nevertheless the "World" is a misleader. If the "World" had wished to mention the morality of the "World" as a doctrine or as an actual movement, it could have found definitions by Anarchists, and it could have noted the practices of Anarchists in association. Can it point to any exponent of Anarchy who defines it as a movement without a leader? Can it give an instance from the practice of Anarchists wherein they do not avail themselves of leadership like other people? If the "World" can do neither of these things, it is convicted of ignoring what Anarchy is, and of imposing on its readers.

This course would excite scarcely any remark, if it were not for the fact that the subject is treated in no more speculative manner in the "World," but very seriously and practically. That paper proceeds against Anarchist as a crime, to be suppressed, by imprisonment and hanging. The crime of being "without a leader." The mugwumps must be careful. The "World" will perhaps want them imprisoned and hanged next year.
Rights and Duties Under Anarchy.

Old readers of this paper will remember the appearance of its columns, about three years ago, of a series of letters signed by the writer of the following letter and accompanied by editorial answers. Today my interrogator questions me further; this time, however, no longer as a confident and earnest individual, but as an anarchist. I reply to him with the same emotion, with the same sincerity, with the same passion to free thought, and to the press, so I reply to him now according to his friendship:

To the Editor of Liberty:

Will you please insert the following questions in your paper with your own comments and oblige an ethical, political, and humanitarian student?

1. Do you, as an Anarchist, believe any one human being ever has the right to judge for another what he ought or ought not to do?

The terms of this question need definition. Assuming, however, the word "right" to be used in the sense of the limits which the principle of equal liberty logically places upon him, and the phrase "judge for another" to include not only the formation of judgments, but the enforcement thereof, and the word "ought" to be equivalent to must or shall, I answer: Yes. But the only cases in which a human being ever has such right over another are those in which the other's doing or neglecting to do something necessarily affects the limits of his liberty which just referred to. That is what was meant when it was said in an early number of Liberty that "man's only duty is to respect others' rights." It might well have been added that man's only right over others is to enforce that duty.

2. Do you believe any number combined ever have such a right?

Yes. The right of any number combined is whatever right the individuals combining possess and voluntarily delegate to it. It follows from this, and from the previous answer, that, as individuals sometimes have the right in question, so a number combined may have it.

3. Do you believe one, or any number, ever have the right to prevent another from doing as he pleases?

Yes. This question is answered by the two previous answers taken together.

4. Do you believe it advisable, as an Anarchist, to use that influence which can be exerted without the aid of brute force to induce one to live as one would wish?

Please explain what influence, if any, you think might be employed in harmony with Anarchist principles?

Yes. The influence of reason, the influence of persuasion; the influence of example; the influence of education; the influence of public opinion; the influence of social ostracism; the influence of unhampered economic forces; the influence of better prospects; and doubtless other influences which do not now occur to me.

5. Do you believe there is such a thing as private ownership of property, viewed from an Anarchist standpoint? If so, please give a way or rule to determine whether one owns a thing or not.

Yes. Anarchists being neither more nor less than the principle of equal liberty, property, in an Anarchistic society, must accord with this principle. The only form of property which meets this condition is that which secures each in the possession of his own products, or of such products of others as he may have the right to use without the use of fraud or force, and in the utilization of all such products which he may hold by virtue of free contract with others. Possession, uninvolted - y fraud or force, of value of which no one else holds, and uninvolted by fraud or force, is the possession of similarly uninvolted titles to values, constitute the Anarchistic criterion of ownership. By fraud I do not mean that which is simply contrary to equity, but deceit and false pretense in all their forms.

6. Is it right to confine such as injure others and prevent them from doing as they please to be at large? If so, it is a way con- sistent with Anarchist to determine the nature of the confine- ment, and how long it shall continue.

Yes. Such confinement is sometimes right because it is sometimes the wisest way of vindicating the right asserted in the answer to the first question. There are many ways consistent with Anarchist of determining the nature and duration of such confinement. Jury trial, in its original form, is one way, and in my judgment the best way yet devised.

7. Are the good people under obligations to feed, clothes, and make comfortable such as find they have necessary to confine?

No. In other words, it is allowable to punish in- vaders by torture. But, if the "good" people are not fiends, they are not likely to defend themselves by torturing the people. The usual method of confinement have shown themselves destitute of efficacy.

I ask these questions partly for myself, and partly because I believe many others have not difficulties on the road to Anarchism which a rational, honest, and good person would remove. In the course of time, you have had several and many, and may feel impatient to find any one as much in the dark as I, but all would-be reformers have to keep retreating their possession to all new-comers, and I trust you will try and make every thing clear to me, and to others who may be unfortunate as myself.

The above is a copy of the text. It is a very interesting and important article, and I would like to discuss it further. Please let me know if you have any questions or comments.

S. BLOCHETT.

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

Time and space are the only limits to my willingness to answer intelligent questions regarding that science whose rudiments I profess to teach, and to trust that my efforts on this occasion may not prove entirely inadequate to the commendable end which my very welcome correspondent had in view.

No Charity Without Justice.

"Labor demands justice, not charity," is a phrase frequently employed by reformers and writers for the labor press, indicating that, while resuming and refus- ing to accept charity from the hands of the robber, they are not disposed to injure, the idea of questioning the very possibility of charity where justice is not has not yet entered the minds of the op- pressed proletarians. They are offended when the capitalists, after exploiting them and driving them to the painful necessity of looking to charity as a means of sustenance, offer them gratuitous aid, innocently supposing the capitalist class to really de- sire to store in a measure for charity for the injustice of the capitalistic system. Burning indignation and intense hatred would take the place of the feeling of shame if the laborer should learn that charity itself is turned by capitalism into a means of merciless exploita- tion and an instrument, refined and modernized, of torture and fraud. A close study of the operation of the capitalistic system would enable the intelligent worker to clearly understand that the charity of the capital class (not of individual capitalists, who may have the best intentions) is a sugared pill containing the most deadly poison, and thus, as a class, the capitalists are utterly deprived of the power of effecting anything contrary to justice.

Under the head of "Miscellaneous Benevolence," we read in a recent issue of the New York Sunday 'Sun':

"No more interesting fact has been brought to light by the 'Sun's' investigation of the condition of New York sewing women than that of the mischief caused by well-meaning but r.-c. benevolence. The wages of the slaves of the sewing machine and of the media are ground down and kept down by the competition among new-comers at prices far below the market and by that of those workers who are already in business for whom the market is low. Most conspicuous, but not by any means most important, are the agencies which indirectly help to reduce women's wages. The "good" women of Preston, Conn., and the "good" women of New York, who, in consequence of their charitable feelings, are in the habit of sending money to work for wages which, without the addition of alms, would not suffice for their maintenance. Every charity has some unknown and less known characters, and these are the ones and more or less dependent which it helps, not always in money, but certainly with clothing, fuel, and sometimes with food; besides offering these presents, are the workmen and workwomen, which makes a mighty whole, and wearies with crushing force upon women who are too proud to accept such help, or so un- fortunate as to have it offered.

Giving to one who has not, or helping one who has very little, the capitalist makes others, who in any case have only a bare subsistence, pay for his charity with tears of blood. The world can only see his gloved hand extended in the act of benevolence, but it does not follow that the poor have not been robbed and robbed by him. Yet this is the real function of the modern wealthy philanthropist. Unlike Robin Hood, who took from the rich and gave to the poor, he takes from one half-starved victim in order to provide for another. Never any power for itself, he gains credit and repu- tation for his humanity, and at the same time raises his own social standing.

Men and women of sober mind and loving heart, behold the outcome and direct product of the capitalistic system! Human beings are not naturally selfish; even capitalists are not, as a rule, strivers to noble aspirations and earnest desire to do good. But the system makes criminals of them all, and with cruel mockery turns their best acts into sources of the worst misery to their slaves. Not only justice, but even charity, is made impossible, in the present eco- nomic organization, which is nourished and maintained by the State. To establish equity, to inaugurate the relation of justice, and to make charity (in cases when such is needed) a thing rather than a name, it is ne- cessary to abolish the State. Only in this way can we say that the "Sun" calls the complicated and difficult problem of human misery be satisfactorily solved.

V. YAROS.

One of Liberty's early subscribers, a Pennsylvania mine, who has been, in proportion to his limited means, one of the most generous patrons of its propa- ganda, accompanied a recent order for pamphlets with the statement that he intended to "make an effort to cultivate and create a healthy political literature." This is an excellent idea. Any workingman who has a few dollars laid by, but feels that he cannot afford to spend them, might order one copy of each of the publications advertised in Liberty, and by lending them to his fellow-laborers at the rate of a cent or two a week, get back the full cost by the time the pamphlets should be worn out, at the same time having the satisfaction of knowing that he had done valuable service in spreading the light. How superior this An- archist plan to the Communist method of starting a workingmen's free reading-room and begging laborers to supply it with their literature without price, when the struggling journals thus appealed to, dependent as they are upon the subscriptions of individual laborers, are to all intents and purposes, a charade promptly and full price for the single copy which, being read by a hundred persons in common, very likely deprives the publishers of half a dozen or more subscribers!

Elsewhere is printed a letter received from a subscriber, containing a copy of Liberty that had been sent. It will be observed that he had the courtesey to return the paper. Thus Rev. Mr. Eaton, de- spite the narrow-minded conservatism of which he seems so proud, unwittingly betrays the influence of the march of progress even upon gentlemen of his ilk. Cotton Mather would have moved.

Very Polite—for a Clergyman.

To the Editor of Liberty (an Anarchist paper published in Boston, Mass.).

I, a workingman, nor have I any sympathy with or love for the teachings, acts, or methods of Anarchism. I regard the discourse of Rev. John C. Kimball, published in this name, as a part of the effort to sow enmity, discord, and poverty, and to bring the people of this country to the verge of rebellion. I am not moved by any of the arguments presented in the latter part of the sermon. Therefore, in conclusion, I would say that the language is not to be found in any of the forms or guises.

Your's etc.,

S. W. EATON.

ROCHESTER, MINN., DECEMBER 23, 1887.

To Such Morality We Don't Object.

(Eugene H. Mote.)

Out of all this hedgehog's tail there really is but one thing,—namely, that morality consists in doing as one likes; that, to do as one likes, one must be free; and that consequently the man who is not free, being unable to do as he likes, is necessarily immoral.
Continued from page 3.

She comprehended the phantoms at which she had laughed so much, the spectres which haunt the imagination and which paralyze or derange the mind; and, through the fair-weather day of her life, she would not have closed her eyes. Nothing could not protect her from inner appurtenances, she carried her hand to her eyes.

"My God! my hand," she cried instantaneously, "my infected hand on my face, and I do not know what shall happen to me."

"Repeal!" said Bradwell, continuing his laconic and monotonous sermon.

"Repentance! It is stupid! You cannot control it; and just as all this falls from me hallucination, purify the air, disinfest my forehead, my hand!"

"You will recover that force of soul which drives away obsession; you will become mistress of yourself."

"Really?"

Ah! If Richard was not deceiving her, if he did not deserve himself, if the means were not unexampled, if the efficacy which he claimed, the Duchess would not hesitate to cry it; only, of what was she to repent?

"Repeal of the crime first, and of what then?" she questioned. "Of the infamy which is made to admit it?"

"Certainly," said Richard.

"Real sorrow for this passion?" she asked, "promises for the future, if we should have any? They will have by an unexpected miracle, which I will not take with a risk."

She interrupted with a momentary smile.

"Are you not cured, then, by this tragic end? For it is the end... Do not count on your salvation; you will be disabled."

"Do you only mean once, and a prey to a revival of spirit. "If the impossible miracle should deliver us, - Adieu! ever, is it not? And you would run to your Mariant? Say, answer; answer me, answer me, then.

During their colloquy she had approached, guided by the voice, and now, opposite Bradwell and near him, she spoke to him with hisses which he felt.

"Answer then," she insisted in a rising wrath and shaking him by the face of its menacing gesture; however, she exists; or dead, your thought goes to her grave, to her body abandoned in the furrow of a field, the rut of a road. And this is why you have not a vivid impression of the horror which surrounds us. Of her, of her living, and of whom I am jealous, I forbid you to think... Do you understand?"

"Do not exult yourself further," exclaimd Bradwell; and his voice expressed a pitiful dishonour. "If I should insult her, your adored Mariant, would youstrate me?"

Duchess.

Repeal of question was made in the tone of a positive affirmation, and the Duchess seemed to triumph.

The wished-for solicited death, which he so obstinately refused her, she would obtain in this way, and so finish her torture, which might last how many days!

To be continued.

Socialistic Letters.

[To the Radical.]

Property is liberty.

To have provisions, garments, and a house of one's own is to have liberty, power, and certainty of eating, dressing, and lodging.

The possession of a certain tool of one's own to transform the raw material into consumable product, and, if the raw material be stock and the tool a machine, workshop, or factory, to hold as property one's share of the stock, of those implements, this factory, workshop, or machine belongs to the power, and certainty of laboring, of disposing of the fruit of one's labor, of consuming or buying one's product.

Property, that is a firm, solid, palpable, concrete basis for abstract rights.

Describes a man living, or, as he is often called, a gentleman. His right to preserve, to retain, or to alienate the labor of others, which he pays for in the factory, is property, that is, the enjoyment of the possession of the right, and, what is more, of the right of labor, of the right to produce and the right to enjoy the product in its entirety.

In your own arms, your knowledge, your intelligence? You have but one right, and it is one of choosing between dying of hunger and taking a master; between utter want and sacrificing your dignity, extending your hand for a little bread after having done a great deal of work, between not being clothed and wearing the liberty of another.

Not to have a share in property, that is, to have been slave, that has been enslaved, that is the proletariat.

Property for all means comfort for all, on the other hand monopoly of all property by a certain number, even a majority, means misery and oppression for the excluded; if the accession of each to property means liberty of labor and security of product, on the other hand monopoly necessarily monopolizes the power of the monopolist to be the master of society, to make another labor, and to dispose of the fruit of another's labor.

The historic evolution is as follows.

Humility, on becoming conscious, saw that the means of existence is property, and the struggle for existence then became linked with the struggle for property.

Appropriation, which in the future will have no other source than the effort of the industrial laborer, was originally an act of conquest, the monopoly realized only that savage labor was done by another. It was then found that there is another race, a race consumes property, property is a race of industrious people. Hurrah! The German warriors cut up the Roman empire into lots and shared it between them; the French of the North became lords over all the lands and fruits of the South; the English piggies dispossessed England among themselves; and the English allotted themselves such a bit of Ireland.

There begins the modern history of property. Violence, robbery by open force, massacres, having preserved or obliterated their distribution, oppression followed for the conquered, the pillaged, the sons of the massacred.

What is worth taking is worth keeping. The highway robbers having become landlords and after them the server-bourgeois - conceived the idea of fortifying themselves in their conquered positions, of surrounding their estates with barriers, ditches, walls, and, what is better, laws.

You see now day still suffer from the yoke imposed by the conquerors of those days.

Lords who succeeded each other, aristocrats have replaced each other, jesting each other, taking by strategy what had been acquired by violence, robbing the old robbers by usury, speculation, and corruption, but always protected by the bulwark of laws erected to defend their riches to property.

The entire code is the book of guarantees imposed to prevent property, the means of production, the instrument of liberty, dignity, equality, from escaping out of the hands of the robbers. The stroke of a conqueror against the property of another is the blockade of the slave trade. These guarantees may have been vain, where a few laborers, by a fortunate stroke, may have succeeded in accumulating a little capital, the Code is a trap set to catch these little savings, the canalization ingeniously made by the ruling classes to drain the hands of the monopolists may return to them by an adroit system of drainage, - so that the water, as the saying is in the villages, may always go to the river.

Nevertheless violence, which is truth, which is revolution, can instituted no lasting work.

In vain does the Doyle raise disconsolately the sea, lift all the water high and leave nothing below; the tempest passes, for every tempest is ephemeral, - and, after a series of eddies, the movement of the waves ends, every movement in a mass ends, in stable equilibrium, a level.

After wars, after violence, after conquests of centuries of tempers, in spite of barriers and fortresses, in spite of laws, every continuous movement in the social mass tends toward stability.

All the means of production on one side; no property, no means of production, on the other, - that is the opposite of equilibrium: but every mass tends to separate; monopolies are condensed to dissimulation, every mountain will fill a valley, and the mountains of wealth accumulated under one and the same domination will fill the empty pockets of the people, powerless as they will be to resist the tide of these millions of millions and millions of laborers arrived at a consciousness of their own values and their own strength, and who will bend themselves unstrings to the song of their place in the turn of their place in the sunshine, of the corner of their own, of their tools, of their means of labor, of their property, of their life.

And when this effort shall be accomplished, social equilibrium will be established, and with it that universal comfort which seems, even in our day, to be a generous dream.

Self-Wisdom and Egotism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

"Self-wisdom is not synonymous, not co-extensional, with my mind with intelligent Egotism. From this statement G. B. Freeston, Jr., can revise his argument. The author of the term is known to be a man of no depravity, and he may have had it in Wisdom directed to the care of self. In this case the person has himself in view as an object. He is planning and deliberating what will build up, guard, and preserve himself, - aid the development of his powers or the realization of his desires... but he all knows about his wisdom, and he can call it his own, and he can at any time, in any respect, be his own master, - for this is the opposite of self-wisdom. And that is why they constantly and willingly lie in about these things.

I can see but two ways of bettering this state of things. One is to persuade the newspaper to publish their picture in the interests of truth and justice instead of their pockets.

The other is to enlighten the populace enough so that it will want to hear the truth instead of lies. The former is hopeless, and the latter is — well, it will take a long time.

But I do think, that self-sufficiency, that self-sufficiency which is spent in beating the press will do more good if it is used in spreading the light.

Tak Tak.
Liberty 115

I am utterly unable to conjecture why my friend, Mr. Varrocks, possesses a passionate aversion to the object of his egoism. What has he been combatting in this discussion, if not the egotism of Egocism? He sometimes imputes a fallacy to his opponent, and says it may be dismissed by the mere term of egotism. No; I say, his terms in this respect are unsatisfactory. What he has been combatting is a fallacy of his own making, not the opposition of his egoism. The issue here is squarely between selfishness and unselfishness, and the arguments put forth by Mr. Varrocks in this respect are not satisfactory. He imputes that his opponent is imputing a fallacy to his egoism. I say, this is a fallacy of his own making, not the opposition of his egoism.

The issue is whether the world will ever be changed by the efforts of those who are interested in the advancement of mankind. If selfishness is the price of success, then the world will never be changed by the efforts of those who are interested in the advancement of mankind. If selfishness is the price of success, then the world will never be changed by the efforts of those who are interested in the advancement of mankind.

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